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# CITY

# JACKDAW

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April 11, 1879.



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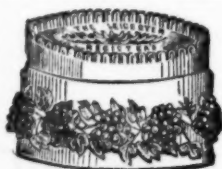
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4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

APRIL 11, 1890.

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required. The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICEARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 178.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## TRADE-UNIONISM AND CO-OPERATION.

THE very interesting report of the London Trades Council has just been issued. The publication comes opportunely both for the public at large and for the members of the Co-operative Congress now assembling at Gloucester. To many people, a co-operator is identical with a trade-unionist, a free-thinker, and a socialist. That this opinion is very far from being correct, the most casual newspaper reader will now be aware, but that there is an absolute want of appreciation of each other by co-operators and trade-unionists will probably be new to many readers.

As an "eye-opener" upon the labour question the London report contains some positively sad news. It is long since the "oldest inhabitant" gave up his search for generosity or justice in trade, but that the merchant would resort to vulgar lying in order to get cheap labour is a species of depravity which we are pleased to believe has been unknown until these degenerate days. "With regard to the depression in our industries," says the report, "statements in many instances had been greatly exaggerated, affording employers an excuse for lowering the wages of work-people, and to clamour for an extension of the hours of toil. This had been done by those employers whose businesses, it was known, had an increasing and exceptional demand, and who had been able to obtain almost fancy prices for their work. In plenty of cases within the Council's knowledge many employers loudest in their demand for a reduction of wages paid immensely reduced rates for the raw material, but had not reduced one jot their prices for manufactured articles. In fact, many employers were making as great and in some instances larger profits than in times of general prosperity. The effort to lower wages had over and over again been shown to be unwarrantable, and the reasons for doing so without the least foundation." This perfectly agrees with the experience of the writer, who has heard an employer declare a business was not paying which returned a profit of forty per cent.

Many delegates in the congresses which have discussed the question of trade unions and their influences have confessed their inability to see the utility of these unions, and even gone so far as to condemn them as being incapable of any further action than is sufficient to waste their funds, harass employers, oppress clever workmen, and fictitiously bolster up the incompetent, drunken, and profligate artisan. It is interesting to note their opinions year by year, and we commend the above facts to the consideration of the delegates.

Assuming that the representatives at the congresses are men who have risen to prominent positions in the co-operative world through the exhibition of an intelligence and an ability—especially oratorical ability—above the average of workmen, such opinions as they express are remarkable for two elements—first, that they should have the boldness to express sentiments so opposed to the opinions of the rank and file of the co-operators who are their constituents; and secondly, that their opinions should so closely resemble the opinions of the middle-class men who attend congresses, and write books on political economy. Another feature, no less remarkable, found in co-operative congress discussions, is the constant desire of the speakers to ventilate their little grievances, as experienced by them in some unprofitable speculation, and make a scapegoat of the "tyrannical" union which has worked all their evil. As by the time one of these orators has worked himself into a fever heat by the relation of his woes, and wandered away from the question under discussion, some friend throws the wet blanket over the scene and performs the "stump orator" feat of inviting the congress to "return to our question." It were equally ill-natured to suppose the fever-heated orator had ever been within two miles of the question at issue as it were to suppose that he has formed his opinions, or rather altered his opinions, when he found, "good easy man, fall surely his greatness was a ripening." If the thoughtful reader will

reason *a priori* or *a posteriori*, as is the shibboleth of the quidnuncs, he will regard the existence of the trade unions as a stupendous fact. Now, few will deny the truth of Rochefoucauld's maxim—"A man may be wiser than some of his friends, but not than all his friends;" argal—an orator ought to halt several times before he condemns the trade unions, in which are all his friends. The question is not merely one of ethics, it is one of history also. As a question of custom and duty, it will not be denied that it has been the custom in these realms to pass laws against workmen, visiting with imprisonment any supposed dereliction of duty on their part, whilst the gentlemen employers, being of a high-souled and chivalrous character, were very infrequently adjudged to be in fault; and, howsoever unjust their case, they could only be fined—not imprisoned. From this sort of even-handed justice the ignorant, misguided (?) artisans combined in unions, and the parliament of middle-class men made such unions illegal, and by law proclaimed it no crime for a dishonest secretary to abscond with all the funds he could obtain from them. Corresponding with this action of the parliamentary knights of the shires was the action of the clergy. The child at school was taught in the catechism to render obedience to his "pastors and masters." Thus socially and religiously were the plebeians to render homage and service to the lords of creation—the accidents of birth. Such, in brief, has been the custom and duty of this nation for centuries, as laid down by the apostles of social hair-splitting. In the fulness of time Dr. Adam Smith wrote a book to teach these pastors and masters the value of free trade among the nations—incidentally he wrote upon employers and employed—thereupon the employed were preached at and lectured upon the duty of taking such wages as their generous employers chose to give. For once the native stolidity of the people stood them in good stead. They heeded not their pastors. The native prophets had no honour in their own country. Though the prophets proclaimed "Iehabod" never so loudly, the glory of the house of unionism did not depart. That voice of warning being discarded, another rôle is begun. This latter is more subtle—it savours more of insight into human weakness. This time the prophets are telling the artisans their wages would have been as good, and their hours as short, if they had never had their unions. This reasoning is based upon this principle. A man is very sick; he is near to death; he calls in a doctor. The sick man does all the doctor orders; the patient recovers; the doctor sends his bill; the patient refuses payment, saying, I should have recovered without your aid. That this reasoning is perfectly fair will appear from the following considerations:—The tribe of degenerate Adam Smiths have brothers and friends: some are lawyers, some doctors, some sailors, some soldiers, some clergymen. In all these classes exist trade unions of the most absolute, tyrannical, and autocratic character. Every year, from the crown office in London, is issued a list of the lawyers of all grades entitled to practise in every court in the kingdom. This license is valued at £10. It is open to every lawyer practising to demand its production whenever he likes, and if any one fails to get the license he is not allowed to practise, and his name is omitted from the list. The higher branches of lawyers are even worse. Though a man should know more of the law than Blackstone, or the Lord Chancellor, he would not be allowed to practise without going through the usual articles and Inns of Courts. Witness the case of Harvey, a few years ago. The doctors are just as much select. Besides the colleges, which must be passed ere they receive an immunity from the consequences of killing professionally, their business is protected by law from unlicensed practitioners, and restricted to men. The law in this case is a dead letter, through a blunder in the drawing, and women properly practise surgery by the voice of the people. Nevertheless, a cheap doctor would be ostracised. Sailors are now licensed; nor can a man even drown himself on the high seas without a license in his pockets. Until recently the army was officered by licensed men,

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(Mannfactory, Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.



who must also be of "gentle blood." No plebeian could rise by merit above a sergeant-major until recently, though the Duke of Wellington said in his day that no general officer in England could take 20,000 men into Hyde Park. This officer system was improved by Gladstone, but restored by Disraeli. Lastly, the clergymen have a trade union, in that no man can preach in the Church without a license from the bishop, and Dean Cowie but restated an old idea in declaring the Wesleyans and other Nonconformists to be usurpers and non-elect. Now, then, after this, what say our co-operative critics? Are all these people simply offenders against the immutable principles of justice, as well as the poor ignorant trade-unionists, who have only imitated the action of their betters? We are not concerned to set out in the Quixotic business of running our lance against all the ills of social England; but we believe in the people; co-operation is of the people, and for the people. The people are sons and daughters of the soil. When co-operation shall have tilled the land, ploughed the ocean with her peaceful ships of co-operative exchange, then will be realised the grand Christian proclamation of "Peace on earth, and goodwill among men." It will no longer be competent for princes to take council together against the Lord and against his anointed. He will then have "broken their bands asunder," and have "dashed them in pieces like a potter's vessel." Trade unions will not be necessary, for the new order of things will have displaced the old. Trade unions are the armour of the people, to defend them against the friends of "the good old plan that they should get who have the power, and they should keep who can." As society is yet constituted, for working men to give up their unions because they have been victorious, is like the conduct of a general who wins a battle and then runs away. Should any reader doubt this success, let him examine the history of any trade. Compare a trade with a union with any trade without a union. Compare the same trade in two towns where the unions are widely different in power, and the facts thus obtained will be more powerful than a bushel of fancies. There is no doubt the administration of unions is difficult. Equally, doubtless, unions could be managed better than they are if the middle classes would countenance, assist, and advise; but, while the contrary conduct obtains, the unions will be necessary, and will be upheld. Co-operation might do much to make unions less necessary than they are at present; but certainly this end will not be achieved by hostile criticism after the manner of the Co-operative Congresses. Ere that day arrives, the hand of fellowship will have to be held out after the pattern of America. In England a man is regarded pretty much according to his lineage; in America, according to his worth. We bemoan the caste of India, and piously pray for the heathen; but should a person of "gentle blood" marry beneath his station in life, a paragraph in the newspaper notifies the fact to the world. Verily we are a wonderful people.

#### A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has dished the Radicals again. What a clever fellow he must be, to be sure, although Figaro Junior avers to the contrary; yet, facts *is* facts, and what can be a bigger fact than that our blessed Chancellor is going to pay our war debts by putting them off. He is certainly a beautiful man for his position, for he told the "faithful Commons" there were three ways of dealing with the debts of the nation, whilst other people have all along thought there were only two ways—one to pay them and the other not to pay them. But the Chancellor's third way is so much like his second that no fellow can tell t'other from which. His third way is to put off the payment for another year. After that, we shall have no further trust in Chancellors. Some of these days one of them will be putting the debts off year by year, and then go in for a new Statute of Limitations, and, like the Virginian Legislature, refuse to pay at all, because the debts are old. Oh, Sir Stafford, Sir Stafford, there is only a little difference between your policy and that of Strafford's: his he called "thorough," and yours is "borrow." It is a curiosity of literature that a similar season of financial distress in the Treasury quarters gave rise to Cobbett's "Gridiron." Sir Robert Peel was borrowing, and undertook to repay at a certain time, and in a certain manner, when Cobbett offered to be roasted on the gridiron if the money schemes could possibly be worked out. Who is now able to expose the Chancellor's borrowing policy, so that the nation will listen? It is an old maxim that "he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," and we commend this fact to the nation, that they who are led by Jews shall be afflicted with usury (Jewuary.)

#### HOLD, THERE!

THE late King David (see II. Samuel, xii.) performed an act which may redound to his notoriety, but certainly does not to his credit.

In the I. Kings, xxi., it is related that a king, called Ahab, coveted a certain vineyard belonging to one named Naboth. There are some things in common in the two stories, but they are distinct ones, and are separated by a measure of time. They both coveted, one his neighbour's wife and the other his neighbour's vineyard, and they both waded through blood to the possession of the thing desired. They were both unfortunate in the possession of the coveted treasure. Now, the aforesaid facts, and others not herein specified, are well known to any lad in the upper classes of a Sunday school. What, then, must be the condition of lamentable ignorance of a man like Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, who, making use of Nathan's bold denunciation of David for the murder of Uriah, goes and mixes up the two stories in the manner here following in the last debate on Zulu matters? "Well, that is the secret of the whole thing, and if I might borrow for a moment one of his own scriptural illustrations, I might say of Sir Bartle Frere that the High Commissioner, Nathan, having been sent to give back the ewe lamb taken away by David, goes and delivers an ultimatum to Naboth. (Laughter.)" Or is it that "Historicus" has taken up the cap and bells of Bernard Osborne, and is trying, in his own way, to rival the dry chaff of the Permissive Bill advocates in the House of Commons?

#### THE USEFUL "ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA."

THE ninth volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" has just been issued, and although each successive volume since the first two has shown a corresponding increase of profundity, yet the publishers ought to spare us a little, and not perfectly overwhelm us with "words of learned strength and thundering sound" as they have done in the latest volume.

On opening Vol. IX, the first thing that strikes attention is a pair of woodcuts, illustrative of a bookcase to hold the "Encyclopedia Britannica," discounted by some clever soul—for two volumes are missing. He might have left us the paper, if he thought the information useless.

Taking a cursory glance over some of the articles, our impressions are as follows:—

FINANCE.—Better understood by the publishers than the subscribers.

FINE ARTS.—The fine art of obtaining subscribers.

FIRE BRIGADES AND EXTINCTION.—Why should America supply this article?

Poor London and Manchester, whose fire extinction appliances have for years been considered second to none in the world! Complicated apparatus seems to be advocated, whilst simplicity, that guiding star of solid old England, is ignored. Practical fire engineers will, from this article at least, learn what to avoid.

FLIGHT.—A most useful and practical article written by a man who understands his subject, and knows how to convey his knowledge to others.

FRANCE, 186 pages; ENGLAND occupies 166 pages; goodness knows how many pages will be devoted to Scotland.

NOW FOR THE PLATES.—Sixpennyworth in a thirty shillings volume, excluding those on fortification, only of use to military engineers.

THE MAPS are duplicates of a shilling atlas, less the cost of its binding.

THE CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY was confined in the earlier volumes to delicate work, sufficient colour only being laid on to give definition to the boundaries, &c., and to show at a glance the form of a country, &c., but it has now degenerated into the gaudy colouring of a schoolboy, or that of a cheap almanack.

THE FOOT NOTES to the articles are certainly invaluable.

Generally speaking, if you want to see a discussion on a theoretical subject, and which will be a dispute to the world's end, one that is of no use to the bulk of mankind, one that has only been fabricated for learned (?) men to get their living by, look in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" for it, and you will find plenty of them in any volume—but if you want to know anything about the gall bladder of fishes, the rudiments of chemistry, the construction of gas engines, the manipulation in drawing, or, in fact, anything practical, you must go to another work, for it is not to be found in the "Encyclopedia." Endless disputations we are taught to avoid, and we congratulate ourselves that they are not our means of livelihood. Although there is a lot of rubbish in the books, yet there are some magnificent articles—we have a score or more in our mind's eye at present that are almost priceless.

#### DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

## INTEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

NOT a little service is done to mankind when we make each other aware of the littlenesses that so easily beset us. Though the shafts of ridicule have far too often been directed against thoroughly good deeds, and their barb far too often caused suffering to the nobly philanthropic and virtuous of our race, still, as should be, the critic has mainly found his butt among the faults of mankind. Human nature is so fond of silent comparisons—those unspoken sensations of satisfaction which most people indulge in—that it is no wonder reprehensible thoughts find illustration at the hands of artists and engravers. These reflections have been forced upon us by the frequent appearance of pictures in our goody-goody journals, intended to set forth the evils of drunkenness. A typical picture of the sort referred to appeared in the January number of the *British Workman*, on the last page, entitled "Saturday Night." In the foreground lies a "British workman," apparently drunk, on the causeway. He is without hat and coat. Passing a little way off is another British workman, from the strong facial resemblance—doubtless not intended, in fact, a mannerism of the artist—the passing workman might be the brother of the poor sot on the ground. With the passer-by is his wife and little daughter. They are all three well-dressed, and appear to be going marketing, the husband having a basket upon his arm. The sober workman is pictured as merely casting a side glance at the poor wretch upon the ground, who looks so much his brother. The wife appears a little more anxious, and turns about rather more than her husband, yet still makes no sign of rendering assistance. The little daughter is most interested of the three, and we may readily believe, if left to her own instinct, she will run to the help of the poortoper. Of course, the object of the picture is to show the British workman how much nicer he looks soberly taking a basket to market, along with his wife and daughter, instead of lying drunk upon the carriage-way. That tale is told rightly enough, but how many other tales does that drunken picture tell? First, that if the sober man and the drunken man, who resemble each other so much in features, be brothers, then the sober man is a Pharisaical scoundrel for passing him without rendering assistance. And even if not a brother, as a countryman to lend a hand to raise the drunkard up, and place him in safety nearer the wall, is both the duty and the usual practice of the British workmen.

Secondly, that picture teaches us that the inexperienced, and, therefore, more natural feeling of the girl was prompting her to lend assistance, which the sober head of her well-dressed father was heartlessly neglecting to render. How readily the pride of dress may dry up the heart, and close the well springs of human nature. Collaterally this picture raises to view the whole fabric of society. How has that poor sot become a drunkard, who is seen lying in the mud on the carriage-way? It is not too much to say that he is ignorant; probably his house is both small and ill-contrived, situated either in a yard, a passage, or some back slum, barely admitting the light of heaven. Having little learning, the pleasures of literature cannot be his, and the comforts of home, as it should be, are impossible. The situation of his home makes the glare and decoration of the public-house a very palace in comparison with his own squalor. Then comes the question, has the class above him done its duty in procuring for him such comforts as every man needs, and ought to be able readily to obtain for himself? It is a standing rebuke to the middle class, that after using the lower classes as the lever by which they gained their own political power, they then turned round and resolutely slammed to the door against their poorer fellow-countrymen. It is not true that as a class the typical British workman is a sot who reels about the streets and tumbles in the mud on "Saturday night." Neither is it true that when an instance of the sort is seen we also see another British workman passing by with a smirk of satisfaction visible on his face. Whenever this trait shall come to be a fact, then will have begun the decline of England with a vengeance, for of old time it was declared to be a service worthy of heaven to raise the fallen. My masters, "I beseech you punish me not with your hard thoughts. . . . I shall do my friends no wrong for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

The issue of the *British Workman*, for April, has another of these offensive pictures in the front page. Again there is the same defect observable of two brothers' faces—one drunk, the other piously wending his way, Bible in hand, to church. This time the pride of "Bill" is attempted to be evoked, for the drunkard is made to say he thought "Bill" was the squire. Can the art of wood engraving be prostituted to

lower passions? "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 'tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?" It is very idle for us continually to throw stones at the drunkard, whilst we set up thousands of houses of temptation, and every year Parliament refuses both to lessen the evil by remedial measures, and also refuses to allow townships to do so for themselves, except through the channel of self abstinence. There can be no doubt that at a time of bloated expenditure, no "heroic measures" of popular improvement dare be attempted, even by the boldest minister. The revenue from drink is too great to be dealt with by the "sweeping-brush of reformation;" and so we shall continually witness the creation of more "vested interests," and have to trust to improvement in public morals much more from the schoolmaster than the Ministry or the Parliament. There can be little doubt the uses of adversity are as real in trade as in moral life, and adversity feelingly persuades us what we are. Therefore we can afford to dispense with pictures of unreal British workmen, who are remarkable for nothing so much as heartlessness and pride of dress. "These are counsellors that feelingly persuade me what I am."

## LOOK TO THE REGISTER.

OUR friends the Tories have done a neat thing in electioneering during their term of office. Adopting the Chartist dogma that no pauper shall be upon the register, they have passed a law that the relieving officers in every union shall make a return to the overseers of every person receiving relief, so that such person shall be struck off the register. The incidence of this law in Manchester will be to disfranchise very great numbers of the poorer electors, and if ever the revision should take place in a period of distress, such as that just passed through, and still passing, the reduction in the list of voters will probably amount to 25,000 voters. This is a serious matter for the political bodies, and if not watched closely will, doubtless, rearrange the balance of parties. There can be no fault to find with the arrangement, excepting in cases of mere temporary distress. It is certainly a hardship to be made poor by the loss of a destroyed trade, and then disfranchised for being paupers. This is after the pattern of taking a man into a desert and then beating him for coming. This law is one of the "heroic" measures of the Government, because passed in a fit of political virtue. But it is a specimen of Jingo heroics—not distinguished for abstract justice; whilst the "heroic" measures of Mr. Gladstone, such as the Irish Church Act, were nothing if not the essence of justice in the abstract. Possibly, the men who used their newly-acquired voting power to put out of office the party who gave it them, will wake up to the importance of at once returning their real friends to office, ere their own power to vote at all be taken away from them.

## A MUCH-MARRIED MAN.

BRIGHAM YOUNG had many wives and troops of children; and now that Brigham himself is gone, these are quarrelling over his property. It seems that before he became a Mormon, and when he was simply a Methodist and glazier, he married a girl, named Marion Works, who still lives, and who appears to have a legal claim to a considerable proportion of his "fixings." But, as will readily be supposed in the case of this much-married man, the claim of the original Mrs. Brigham Young is by no means alone or undisputed. Young, indeed, had not so many wives as some people imagine. The actual number was twenty-five, but there were many others who were "sealed" to the Prophet, and were wives to all intents and purposes. These "sealed" wives, many of whom had children, claim their share of the heritage in common with the twenty-five, which number does not include the first Mrs. Young, who demands a third of the whole property. "Allowing an average of only five children to each wife, Young would have been," the *New York Times* calculates, "the father of one hundred and twenty-five children. As his first children were born before 1834, he had many grandchildren, and, for aught we know to the contrary, great-grandchildren were born unto him. Then, again, his sons contracted plural marriages, and these plural marriages and marriages with other men's wives, and marriages with women already having children, to say nothing of their numerous divorces and separations, must complicate the question of heirship beyond all possible unravelling." Mormonism may be a very good thing in its way; but a Mormon's wives and children may be excused if they come to the conclusion that it is just possible, after all, for a man to be too much married.

**COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS** (MADE TO ORDER.) JOHN CHETHAM, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from 6, LONG MILLGATE, to 29, TIE STREET, MANCHESTER.





Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT another calamity has overtaken the English troops in Afghanistan.

That the Luneberg disaster appears to be about on a par with the Isandula disaster, except that fewer Englishmen perished in the former case—for the very good reason that fewer were present.

That, as at Isandula, so at Luneberg—the English seem to have been surprised.

That one hundred and four Englishmen were attacked by four thousand Zulus.

That sixty of our men perished, and the Zulus carried off twenty wagons containing supplies.

That we are going ahead.

That a little over a hundred Englishmen beat three thousand Zulus at Rorke's Drift.

That, though the odds were now a little greater against our men, what was done at Rorke's Drift would probably have been done at Luneberg if a Chard or a Bromhead had been present.

That Lord Chelmsford himself, with a part of the reinforcements, was to march to the relief of Colonel Pearson at Ekowe on the 26th of last month.

That we may expect to learn the result in the course of a few days.

That we hope we may have now reached the closing chapter of our disasters.

That the Government say they have no funds out of which to grant relief to the widows and children of the men who fell at Isandula and Rorke's Drift.

That they hoped, however, that the Patriotic Fund Committee would kindly take pity on the poor creatures, and do something for them.

That the Executive Committee "deeply regret that they have no funds available for grants to those widows and orphans."

That we do manage these things nicely in this country.

That these widows and orphans can go to the Workhouse or the Grave for anything that the Government care.

That we spend too much on grand people to have a pound or even a penny to spare for poor folks.

That it is most right and proper handsomely to reward the brave commanders of our Army for doing little more than keep themselves out of danger.

That it would be most iniquitous and improper to give a moment's thought to the poor fellows who win our victories with their lives.

That least of all would it be correct to allow that soldiers' widows and orphans had any claim on a "grateful country."

That another "crisis" has cropped up in Egypt.

That Beaconsfield is not very successful in his desperate attempts to govern other countries as well as England.

That we are having far too much to do with bankrupt nations like Turkey and Egypt.

That it would be better for us to look after ourselves.

That what with bad trade, strikes, and riots, England herself is not in the best of conditions just at present.

That the present Government, however, prefer foreign questions to home questions.

That rumours are again rife of new troubles in Bulgaria and Roumelia.

That—when will this Eastern Question cease to vex us?

That Eastern Questions and East Winds are equally bothersome and deadly.

That we wish the wind would change.

That Mr. John Slagg's reception in the Memorial Hall on Tuesday night boded well for his triumphant return on the day of election.

That his speech was one of the best he has ever made.

That J. W. M. doesn't like the new Liberal candidate a bit.

That neither does Mr. W. H. Houldsworth.

That W. H. H. feels as a fish out of water already.

That he is too liberal-minded a gentleman to make a good Tory.

That after the *Jackdaw* "got on" to Mr. William Touchstone last week, and another paper praised Mr. Alderman Heywood, the whole press bids fair to be revolutionised.

#### POLICEMEN'S EVIDENCE AND JURYMEN'S VERDICTS.

**J**URYMEN and policemen are getting it hard in connection with the Hebron case. "Advocate," writing to a London daily, says:—"All the jury men think of is to balance probabilities, and conjecture on which side chances preponderate. No man who knows anything of the practice of the courts would place the least reliance on what is called police evidence. Yet what other was there in this case? Hebron can now be a witness. Did he really utter the threats which formed the only ground of his conviction? Did the dying man say to the surgeon when Hebron's guilt was suggested, 'It is a mistake! A mistake!' Was this exclamation made known to the prosecution, and was the fact suppressed at the trial? If so, I maintain, as a lawyer, that the prosecutor should be called to account. His only duty was not to obtain a conviction, but to see the truth unfolded and justice done. The protection of the accused as a British subject was as much the concern of society as the punishment of the guilty. Just think of it! An industrious, well-conducted lad of eighteen, against whom there was not such evidence as would convict a cat of stealing cream, left for execution, unanimously, too, by twelve of his peers! His poor father died of a broken heart. Who can be safe under such a dispensation?" There can be no doubt that the evidence of the police and the verdict of the jury were about on a par in the case of young Hebron. We wonder how many innocent men are in convict establishments, prisons, and murderers' graves to-day.

#### FRESH FISH.

**B**ILL JONES he was a poultryman,  
And also was fishmonger;  
He'll sell you fish by weight or can,  
And supply the freshest conger.

He'd pigeons, potted shrimps, and fluke,  
To suit your various wishes,  
And if you only would just look  
You'd see the best codfishes.

Bill tried his wife from beer to stop;  
In vain his oft appeals.  
He sole-d to broker all his shop,  
And then took to his (h)uels.

**DIAMOND RING, 2s. 6d.,**

with Paris Diamond in claw-setting, sparkles beautifully. SNAKE RINGS, 2s. 6d. (3 and 4 coils). STONET, 1s. 5d. and 2s. 5d. BUCKLE RINGS, 3s.; very Chaste BUCKLE, 3s., with or without 3 Stones. Ladies' Fancy Rings (assorted coloured stones), 1s. 5d., 2s. 5d., and 3s. 5d. CARRINGTON & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 375, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.



## OUR SPECIAL AT THE BOAT RACE.

**YES**, the boat race. And why not? Is the *City Jackdaw* so poor and unpopular a publication that it cannot afford a special correspondent on that auspicious occasion? The fates forbid such a thought, for the Jackdaw's flight extends over the known world. What, then, is there surprising in one of the brood plucking a feather from the parent wing for the purpose of recording the Oxford and Cambridge contest in 1879? I am sure that many, very many, of the so-called "special correspondents" of the great number of metropolitan and provincial papers, whose name is legion, never saw the Thames on Saturday last, and can have no more idea of the actual race than the printer's devil who runs up with their copy; and yet these men have written, and will continue to write, graphic descriptions of events which they have never seen, until the last. The press boat? no, you don't catch your "special" hanging on to the press boat to be left behind until the race is virtually over, like the other "specials" who, by-the-bye, looked a deal bluer than even the Oxford rosettes when they saw the contending crews disappear, and the crowd of steamers and barges shut them from the sight as completely as if there had been a heavy curtain drawn between their longing eyes, and the object of their disappointed attention. Knowing your extreme diffidence with regard to the expenses of my journey, I, of course, kept up the credit of the *Jackdaw* by travelling first-class, (for particulars see my bill) in company with a few gentlemen whose social position is quite unassailable. Of course we had a few games of "sixpenny nap," but then that is only conventional on such an occasion, and your "special" came off with rather the worst of it (refer to bill) when that was over. It was a long journey by moonlight; but the longest journey, and the brightest moonlight will have an end, and to an end they *did* come, for, by the time we landed at King's Cross, the moonlight had given way first to grey morning, then to red, very red, sunrise, which last became soon hidden in a drizzling, misty atmosphere, damp and unwholesome, and as unlike a holiday as weather can possibly show.

Of course I was not going to lose my precious time by going direct from King's Cross to Hammersmith at half-past seven or eight o'clock in the morning to stand on the banks of the pellucid Thames for four or five hours in order to keep my place. No! The busy crowd had already begun to move in the direction of their common point of attraction even as early as eight o'clock in the morning, but no *Jackdaw* graced their united motions with his presence. Your S.C. was at that time standing upon the Thames Embankment, with his face thrust through the iron palisading of the Temple Garden, contemplating in silence that ever memorable spot, which is so celebrated in the historic annals of our land, according to the opinion of the lamented Mr. Shakspeare, as the scene of the origin of the Wars of the Roses. Passing over the sublime thought of that writer which records the extraordinary miracle of Richard Plantagenet plucking a white rose from a briar, and Somerset's plucking a red rose from a thorn, I sauntered along the embankment until I came to the spot where Cleopatra's Needle rears its proud form above the stone parapet, and here I stopped again. If there is one feeling more than another by which your S.C. is actuated, it is an unborn and patriotic love for my native land (perhaps you have already noticed that amiable weakness in me), which will not allow, for one moment, England to play second fiddle in anything. I much resemble my patriotic friend the Earl of Beaconsfield in that respect. As I stood gazing on the sculptured granite I could not help apostrophising the senseless stone thus—"Interesting relic of a by-gone age, how much gratitude must you feel, if chiselled stone *can* feel, at the wonderful enterprise which brought you from that recumbent position which you had maintained for countless ages on the slimy banks of that dirty, muddy, insignificant Nile, and erected you on this noble embankment to overlook the magnificent stream beside which all other rivers sink into non-importance, to be admired, not by the red-leather skinned natives of Egypt, but the clear-headed, philosophical natives of London, whose wealth controls the world, whose glorious flag sweeps—"

"Now then, get along there," shouted a voice from the opposite footway, and turning my head in that direction beheld a policeman, who, evidently not liking my eloquent appeal to the grand old monument, motioned me along, and I heard him make some observations to one who was standing near him, as I moved away, of which the only words I could distinctly catch were "Colney Hatch." With a withering look, in which more of sorrow than of anger was depicted, I left the surly representative of authority and wended my way pensively towards the huge pile where the assembled wisdom and hereditary sapience of this great nation are

went to congregate. On sending in the *Jackdaw's* name to your friend the Lord Chamberlain, the magic portals were opened to your S. C., and I walked into the stately palace with the proud confidence of a member of the "fourth" estate, who, like Mr. Potts, knowing the enormous power he wields, yet spares the lash in mercy to his fellow-men. My natural patriotism led me at once into a laudable spirit of inquiry, and having invested sixpence (see bill) in the purchase of a "guide book" (mark my economy, I could have had a shilling one, but preferred the modest sixpenny one) I proceeded to interest myself in this glorious scene of the world's government. I say the world's government advisedly, for are we not even at this moment the arbiters of the whole earth? Is not our ultimatum law to the most savage tribes? Is not our grand old flag which has braved—but no matter, I must control my feelings; but only fancy your young *Jackdaw* squatted on the seat where is usually couched the manly form of the Earl of Beaconsfield! Why, my ancestor, the impudent rascal of Rheins, never did such a feat in his life! But my exquisite triumph was of short duration, for even in the House of Lords the demon policeman holdeth sway, and the indefatigable "move on," in its more polite London form of "Now, git along there," sounded in my ears, and drove me to other scenes. Another well-expended sixpence (*vide* bill) induced another policeman to show me the spot where Mr. John Bright usually is to be seen, and placing my hat on the seat with reverence, I said to the "bobby"—"May some of the words of wisdom which have emanated from this spot cling to the hat and be thus transferred to the manly brain of the wearer!" "Oh, git along with that ere gammon," was the acquiescent reply of the man in blue, and I left the House for the busy street once more.

Making the best of my way to the station, I took the train to Hammersmith, and tried as well as I could to get to the river's bank; but, bless your ornithological heart, if the river had been possessed of ten banks, instead of two, it would have been all the same. Not only all London, but all England seemed to be there! All was blue also, but the heavens, which seemed to be consistently impartial on the occasion, not showing one patch of either light blue or dark, but nothing on that day of blueness, not even the rosettes of the gentlemen nor the ribands of the young ladies—and I gave them a blessing with great *caus*, they were both so numerous and so pretty; neither rosettes nor ribands, blue-coated policemen, blue-jacketed sailors, blue-stockinged old maids, nor even the blue flags which fluttered from various hostelry windows looked half so cerulean as the faces of certain "Special Correspondents," whom I saw after the race landing from that unfortunate press boat.

My charge for "doing" the boat-race, you will see, is very moderate. I am not greedily vain of my literary achievements; my modest demands, you will, I am sure, readily accede to. In fact, you will observe that I have only put down the small sum of half-a-crown for my evening's recreation at the Westminster Aquarium, which is considerably below the price of a ditto at our own "Gaiety."

What of the result of the boat-race? Oh, Oxford won; or was it Cambridge? I really forget which, but you'll find all that in the daily papers, you know.

[We need not say that we have sacked this Special and engaged another. They are a terrible trouble to us, these Specials.—*Ed. City Jackdaw.*]

## A TORY TOWNSHIP.

**LEVENSHULME** has distinguished itself, as will be seen from the following paragraph which appeared in a recent issue of the *Evening Mail*:—"About twelve months ago a Liberal club was opened at Levenshulme, and its supporters made known their existence by the introduction of party politics into local affairs. The first effort was in last year's Local Board election, when a severe contest took place, which resulted in the return of four Conservatives. The counting up of the votes in this year's election took place last night in the boardroom, before Mr. Charles S. Keeling, returning officer, when the following four Conservatives were declared elected:—Messrs. George Gyte, 442 votes; Charles Griffin, 394; William Millington, 375; John Bowker Warburton, 352. The defeated candidates were Messrs. George Botham, 224 votes; J. F. Medley, 77; and R. T. Poole, 68. The board is now composed entirely of Conservatives, and there is not a single Radical filling any honorary public position in the township." Happy, happy Levenshulme! How long the happiness will remain has yet to be seen.

WEDDING RINGS, 1s. 6d.,

cannot be told from 22-carat gold. LOCKETS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. BROOCHES, 1s. 3d. and 5s. EARRINGS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. All the above cases with gold and warranted to wear well. Sent post free. Catalogues post free. CARRINGTON & CO., Manufacturing Jewellers, 378, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.

## CONSOLS FOR BRITISH WORKMEN.

THE Post-office is an institution whose officers are celebrated for their honesty and poverty. It is the one branch of the civil service which has never profited by the cousinship of the nobility. Doubtless, this freedom from aristocratic peculation arises mainly from the amount of work, and work of the most imperative kind, required at the hands of its officials. Still, we are bound yet further to seek reasons for the almost perfect immunity of the Post-office from the torpid influence of the Dandereary class, and those reasons may be summed up in the words—intelligence, experience, and work.

It is another singular fact that, whilst the English was the first imperial penny postage system in the world, our development of the service has become the most backward in Europe, whilst, in the mere matter of tariff for letters, the English is one of the most costly. As compared with the Austrian, ours is about 40 per cent higher; and as compared with the German, the English has many shortcomings. In Germany, the Post-office has a system of collecting small debts, carried on by means of vouchers similar to those used in this country for registered letters. Mr. Jones, in Manchester, wishes a debt of five shillings, owing by Mr. Robinson, in Preston, to be collected. Jones calls at a Post-office, states his business, the name and address of the debtor, and pays about twopence for the service to be performed. A warrant is issued on the office in Preston, authorising the application for the cash. The letter-carrier, on his round, calls upon Robinson for the cash; and perhaps calls a second time. It is not a matter of suddenly requiring the cash; the first visit is a sort of warning; the letter-carrier is allowed to call twice, and upon failure in the second application, the debt warrant is returned dishonoured to the issuing office. It is wonderful the amount of money collected in that way—about 80 per cent pay in Germany, and would probably do so in this country.

Many improvements are still practicable with us, and one of them has been proposed in the Commons by Mr. Whitebread, the member for Bedford. At present, the Post-office Savings Banks are the most convenient places for the deposit of savings by the working classes, but only a very small interest is paid for the cash deposited—2½ per cent—and not more than £20 is accepted in any one year, nor more than £200 from any one depositor altogether. The reason for this rule is difficult to see. Another regulation in force in the Post-office, that no depositor shall have cash in any other savings bank, under the penalty of forfeiture in the Post-office Bank, seriously impairs the usefulness of that institution, besides having a strong smack of injustice about it. No answer is made to this objection to say that the Post-office Bank is a bank for savings, and not for business. Two hundred pounds is not sufficient money to keep a man in ordinary health during the last ten years of his life—say from the age of sixty to seventy years. And the regulation that no other moneys shall be banked by post-office depositors is an outrage upon the natural rights of man, and a gratuitous piece of legislative insolence. To say that this regulation is of little effect, is to understate the matter greatly. It is positively contemned by the most patient law-abiding class in the world—the sober and prudent English artisans. The Irish dismiss the information with a joke, and the Scotch with a pinch of snuff and a characteristic shrug. Indeed, the regulation seems framed upon the idea that if the thrifty artisans were allowed to save more than £200 they would miss the opportunity of dying in the workhouse in their old age. Does this seem ridiculous? Granted; and so is the regulation altogether. It is of no service to prevent traders using the bank—nor, indeed, should they be prevented. It is not necessary to keep wealthy capitalists from using the bank, because even Turkish or Egyptian Bonds will pay as well. If this latter idea governed the mind of Parliament when the Saving Bank Act was passed, the time has come when the total sum should be raised about five-fold.

The present Government sadly need money, and Mr. Whitebread proposes that all the post-offices have the liberty given them to sell consols, so that all the country will be upon the level of the metropolis. The man who has saved above £200 will then be able to buy £5, £10, or £20 worth of consols at one time, without the aid of a stockbroker, and will thus be able to provide for old age in a thoroughly efficient manner. Possibly the framers of the Post-office Savings Bank Act were afraid to make larger sums than £200 payable at call, upon such an extensive scale as is afforded by the whole nation, but if such be the case that objection does not apply to the consols, and it is probable the Postmaster-General will not object to Mr. Whitebread's proposal. Doubtless the consols idea has been sug-

gested to the mind of the honourable gentleman by the action of the French peasantry. When the Germans made the grand mistake of fining the French Government two hundred million pounds, the Germans little thought that the land in France was in the hands of the people, and that this huge sum of money could be got out of the private coffers of the peasant landowners, supplemented by two good harvests of the whole land of France. But so it was, and at the end of four years the Germans, with their ill-gotten gains, were worse off than the French, who had paid the money. This was a grand lesson for the whole world on three great subjects—on banking—on land tenure—and on merciless victory. Let us take the lesson to ourselves, and write our pages of history in violet ink instead of the blood of poor folks and defeated savages.

## PHILOSOPHY OF FAILURES.

OF late so many disturbing influences have been at work, commercially speaking, that the minds of business men have been greatly exercised in estimating the probabilities of making ends meet in these troublesome times. This topic of £ s. d. has been all-absorbing to most of them, even when not actually engaged in the struggle to keep their heads above water. They find by experience, and to their sorrow, that the many home pleasures which were wont to drive away dull care for the time being, have now lost all their efficacy in this direction. When the day's work is done, likely enough they sit by the fireside pondering, with sober seriousness, on the present depressed condition of trade, and the slight chance there is of getting their accounts in without making bad debts. From the prevailing state of things, it would appear as though most business people have drifted into a serious habit of oblivion in the family circle. The wily arts of the good wife and the prattling of merry children miserably fail to provoke even a smile, much less than of effectively driving away at eventide all thoughts of business matters. Because of the ominous outlook, the tendency of the mind just now is to magnify troubles and meet them half-way, before there is any occasion to think about them at all. This may be put down as a failure—a failure of self-control; and it becomes an important consideration whether the mind shall rule, or yourself rule the mind. To the conscientiously disposed, there certainly are just now ample grounds for grave thoughts on the present subject. A perusal of the lengthy list of liquidations that appear so often in the daily papers is of itself sufficient to startle anyone who has to adopt the credit system of trading. As the eye of the business man scans over the multitudinous record of these mercantile disasters, he is anxiously concerned lest he himself should be interested in one or more of these failures. How sweet the sigh of relief when he pauses at the last of the list and finds he is not implicated. What a mountain of trouble, reared by treacherous imagination, totters and falls, to his unspeakable delight. It is in this way that some imaginative minds will seize upon any supposition that adds to its discomfiture; and, continually harassed by tormenting fear, such people are always in the wake of dire calamity, which calamity, strange to say, seldom if ever comes. Trying circumstances do and will arise, but they are never so dreadful as such people have imagined them to be. Bad debts are especially a great and terrible bugbear to those business people who are not well fortified with means to stand against them. But in the yearly review the deserving man sometimes finds that these afflictions have not been near so numerous or so heavy as anticipated; and he has been fully convinced, when too late, that wearisome days and troublesome nights have been spent to no purpose. To such we would say, "Take no thought for the morrow." *Cede Deo*. Seriously pondering over a newspaper record of failures which has in some way led to these reflections, what a system of improvidence and reckless trading might here be unfolded. Out of so long a list, one is apt to ask the question, how many there are that are really honest failures—failures that could not possibly be avoided? In many instances, if the truth were known, the principle of self-interest has been fully carried out at the cost of another's downfall. Luxury and appearance must be kept up by a certain class, whether business warrants the extravagance or not. There is no curtailment of expenses when a lesser sum than usual is written off for profit. The same amounts are drawn out for personal expenses as when times were good. In due time this genteel (?) system of dishonesty finds its own level, and perhaps some poor struggling tradesman has to suffer in consequence. An opposite course would, in all probability, have saved the debtor's honour, and exempted the honest tradesman from



further reducing his scanty household expenses to meet the pressing demands of his creditors. Even living in an extravagant style is rather a mild proceeding when compared with the system of downright robbery as carried on by some so-called business men. No milder term can be applied when a man has the hardihood to order goods heavily from different mercantile firms, knowing full well that at the time of ordering he was hopelessly insolvent. Another man, whom you are disposed to be indulgent with, will keep you waiting for your account well nigh twelve months, with many protestations that he will pay every penny, until some fine morning you find yourself scheduled for the amount, under a petition for liquidation. So much for the indulgence. For these evil practices others have to suffer, and many a man is brought into grief who is and always has been extremely jealous of his own character, only contented when able to say with a clear conscience, "I owe no man anything." If every business man acted from similar convictions, and took seriously to heart the Scripture injunction of doing unto others as he would like to be done by, a little more self-denial would be the result, with fewer failures. "Honesty," the outcome of this Divine rule, "is the best policy" after all—easy in theory but difficult in practice to the worldly-minded. If the present commercial depression should enable some deluded mortals to see clearly the truth of this maxim, and manifest it in life and conduct, a noble conquest will be gained. The tradesman will then not only be desirous of paying his creditors twenty shillings in the pound, but he will be equally desirous of turning out a good honest article for value received. "A man, for instance," says Bishop Wilson, "who sets this rule before his eyes will hardly put off damaged or distempered goods for sound; will hardly take advantage of the ignorance of the buyer; will use no deceits to raise the price or set off the value of what he desires to sell." Many a man has been utterly ruined through the failure of good principles. Entering upon a business career with many good and wise resolutions to be strictly honest in his dealings, he has prospered well for a time, but, alas! in his haste to get rich, and altogether heedless of the inward monitor, he first of all yields to many little inconsistencies—which can hardly be called sins of themselves—until by repeated aggression, he becomes ripe for anything that is base and mean to his fellow-men.

"Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned;  
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave  
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool."

There is sadly too much of the fraudulent spirit abroad. The cry is that if we want to get on in the world we must do as Rome does. Such people would laugh at the bare idea of religion being associated with business. To couple honesty and success together would be an utter impossibility, so some say. Experience testifies that this statement is wide of the truth, and that it is quite possible to be strictly honest in business and successful at the same time. To cite one instance: A maker of a certain class of goods commenced business many years ago under the difficulty of having a good conscience. Many a time the manager remonstrated with him on his exceeding scrupulousness, declaring that the pursuit of such a course would end in his ruin. "It does not matter," he replied, "sink or swim, I mean to test the result of manufacturing an honest article." His makes have now a world-wide reputation. This example—only one out of many—speaks well for sound, conscientious trading, and the success attending a steadfast adherence to a fixed principle of what is right through evil and good report.

#### LATEST FROM THE "CARLTON."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."

SIR,—Jno. William's presence amongst us this evening was a surprise to many of his lambs. After so long an absence they could not recognise his voice. He apologised for his long absence, and assured them they were (not) most dear to him. Also, that so much of his time was spent on the line, but never over it, that he could not possibly be everywhere. But the treat he had in store for them was that each ward representative should have a free pass to London and back in Whit Week (saloon carriages), and that his dearest friends would accompany them in a Pullman. Orders would be given for Boddington's bitter for the saloons, and Hennessy's brandy, fiz, and cigars for the Pullman. This treat, he requested, was not to be repeated, nor his time or money any more to be solicited.—I am, &c.,

YOUR CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Carlton Club, April 1, 1879.

#### THAT GAS EPISODE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me in your next issue if it is true that the gas was cut off at the Conservative Club in Cross Street? or was it merely a skittish remark of your own? I offered to bet a Tory friend of mine the other day that it was correct, but he would not accept the challenge.—Yours truly,

RADICAL.

[Yes; it is true. The records of the Gas Department will prove it. The Conservatives themselves don't, because they can't, deny it.—Ed. City Jackdaw.]

#### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

SIR,—Many letters and paragraphs have lately appeared in the columns of our contemporaries with regard to a parallel case to that of the unfortunate William Hebron, but none of the communications have mentioned the most extraordinary case of circumstantial evidence that ever affected the local district of Manchester. On the 26th April, 1817, four men, viz.:—William Holden, James Ashcroft, Daniel Ashcroft, and James Ashcroft, junr., were executed at Lancaster for the murder of Mrs. Ramsbottom and Hannah Partington, servants of Mr. Littlewood, of Pendleton, on September 7th, 1816. The evidence against all four was sufficiently conclusive to enable the jury to return a verdict of "Guilty" without leaving the box. They all four died vehemently protesting their innocence, and the scene on the scaffold was affecting in the extreme, hundreds of the spectators being moved to tears. In 1843, twenty-six years after that quadruple execution, a wretched man passed to his account, and, whilst dying, confessed that he was the murderer of those two women, for which crime four innocent lives had been sacrificed to the Moloch of judicial fallibility. The mind shudders to contemplate the accumulated guilt upon one miserable conscience, the weight of which had been borne for twenty-six years, and the momentous questions will still force themselves upon all—Is our police system of working up evidence a fair and just system? and ought we not to abolish capital punishment altogether?—Yours, &c.,

ANTHURIAN.

[The extraordinary case referred to by our correspondent was referred to in our last issue.—Ed. City Jackdaw.]

#### A TOO CLEVER BOBBY NICELY CAUGHT.

POLICE-CONSTABLE REECE, of the Cheshire Constabulary, has been taught a lesson this week which we sincerely hope may do him good. There had been several highway robberies in the neighbourhood of Branstons, and Sergeant O'Donnell and Reece (who had the reputation of being clever at that sort of work) were sent to Branstons to find out the delinquents. This is how Reece went about his business. He entered a public-house where Thomas Wilbraham and Charles Wilbraham, two young men, and others were enjoying themselves. Our intelligent officer passed himself off as the agent of a hay and corn dealer, rattled his money, said he had fifty pounds upon him, and when he left the house at closing time he pretended to be very drunk, and asked to be shown the way to Birkenhead. The prisoners offered to show him, and took hold of his arms. When they had gone a little way they led him into a field, where they told him to lie down, and he, still pretending to be drunk, lay down. The prisoners went away, but shortly returned, and Charles then took Reece's watch, and was proceeding to take his money when Reece jumped up and struggled with them. O'Donnell, who had been hiding, came to his assistance and the prisoners were captured. At the Cheshire Sessions this week the prisoners were discharged, and Reece himself was severely censured for having been too clever by half. Serve him right!

A GENTLEMAN in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights. So dis morning I seize him for de rent ob de fence."

LORD DERBY seems to know the Earl of Beaconsfield too well. According to the *Northern Echo*, Lord Derby was talking to an American, who asked him, "Is it true that the head of the Government in France is an Englishman?" "Yes," replied the late Foreign Secretary; "I only wish we had one as Prime Minister here!"

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

So the Rev. Knox-Little is to leave us at midsummer. Latterly the rev. gentleman's detractors have left him in peace, and should any person turn his thoughts in the direction of Mr. Little, let this anecdote be remembered to his credit. A Macclesfield man, the coachman of a gentleman in this city, was "sick unto death." The gentleman visited the poor fellow at the house of his mother at Macclesfield. The gentleman kindly inquired if there was any little service he might do for the dying man. He was asked to call upon Mr. Little, and request his attendance at the bedside of the dying man. The gentleman saw the last hour of the coachman was drawing near, and at once went to Mr. Little's house to request his services at Macclesfield. The housekeeper replied that Mr. Little was at the Lakes, for his holiday, but that she would send him word. The news must have gone by wire, for the rev. gentleman was in Manchester early next morning, and went to Macclesfield in time to give the consolation of religion to the dying man. This needs no comment. After this, questions of vestments pale into insignificance.

"STEWART," said a passenger on board a steamer one morning while at breakfast, and handing across the table a cup containing some dark muddy-looking liquid, "What is that?" "I think it's tea, sir," replied the steward, after a hasty inspection. "Oh, very well," rejoined the traveller; "then take it away, and if it's tea bring me coffee, and if it's coffee bring me tea."

THE Government are going to fortify Barrow. Anyone who has ever sailed into that port would think Barrow was pretty well off for fortifications against invaders already. See the miles of sandbanks. Perhaps these forts are to be built out of the surplus revenue the Government expects when trade revives. However, there is one thing the Government can do, if they cannot make a surplus—they can ensure that their successors shall be compelled to spend one when they have made it. There will be such a legacy of unfinished jobs left as will permanently lift up the national expenditure by several millions annually.

THERE was to be a party in a school in the north, and the managers thought they would take a new departure in the way of decoration, so they sent to London, asking a firm could they make a huge motto, in place of a number of small ones. The school people received a telegram, saying "Yes; for 'Unto us a child is born:' three feet six by fifteen feet."

MANY wise men would almost have us believe that they, at least, have fathomed all the mysteries of life. What do they say to this? Everybody knows that plants sleep at night, but their sleeping hours, like man's sleeping hours, are a matter of habit, and can easily be disturbed. A French chemist recently exposed a sensitive plant to a bright light at night, and placed it in a dark room during the day. The plant at first appeared much puzzled. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, in spite of the artificial sun beaming upon it at night, and in the daytime it sometimes awoke. It finally submitted to the change, unfolding itself regularly at night and closing in the morning.

ONE winter's day, looking in at the window of a print shop, Brown felt someone at his pocket. As there was only one bystander, he instantly turned round, and, looking him full in the face, exclaimed, "Your hand, sir, was in my pocket!" "Was it, sir?" the other very calmly replied: "I really beg your pardon if it was; but the weather is so very cold, one is glad to put one's hands anywhere."

LONDON correspondents are a queer lot. Here is a paragraph from the London Letter in the *Evening Mail*:—"There was not much interest excited by Mr. Mundella's Municipal Property Qualification Bill. No member of the Government except Mr. Salt, Secretary to the Local Government Board, spoke on it. Mr. Cowen made the best speech for the Bill, and in the course of it he was obliged to make the confession (painful to him no doubt it must have been) that the working men of the country were Conservative. There were some on the Liberal benches who shook their heads at this statement, but it seemed that they meant to deplore rather than deny it." We ourselves were astonished when we read that Mr. Cowen (the Radical member for Newcastle-on-Tyne) had made any admission of the kind. Turning to the *Times*' report of his speech we read: "He

thought the future of our workmen was the most critical feature in British civilisation. The great characteristic of the British workman was that he was practical, materialistic, and, he feared he must add, to some extent Conservative. The working men had the same feelings that pervaded the other classes. It was on behalf of this class that this demand was made, and he was unable to understand why gentlemen on the other side resisted it. Let them remove this small but still irritating and unnecessary barrier, and they would sweeten the feelings and relations of society." Yet this London correspondent misrepresents Mr. Cowen as saying that "the working men of the country were Conservative."

A CINCINNATI liquor dealer applied to a customer for a letter of recommendation of a certain brand of whisky he had recently sold him. The customer wrote, "I have tried all sorts of insect poison, and find none equal to your old cabinet whisky."

WHAT is the difference between a "site" and land? The *Liverpool Mercury* of Tuesday, April 1st, says, "the landowner also gave the site and land for the erection of a parsonage-house." Should "site" have been spelt sight?

SAID an Idaho journal:—"The weather has been hot again for the last few days; the only relief we could get was to lie down on the *Herald* and cover ourselves with the *Bulletin*—there is a great coolness between them." This kind of coolness often brings about an amusing interchange of incivilities. A Michigan journalist declared in his paper that a certain editor had seven toes. The slandered man thereupon relieved his mind in a "leader," denouncing the statement as unwarranted, and its author devoid of truth and a scoundrel to boot. The offending gentleman replied that he never wished it to be understood that all the seven toes were upon one foot; and the victim of the sell was thoroughly laughed at.

"We are indeed a happy, elegant, moral, transcendent people. We have no masters—they are all principals; no shopmen—they are all assistants; no shops—they are all establishments; no servants—they are all help; no gaolers—they are all governors. Nobody is punished in prison—he merely receives the correction of the house; nobody is ever unable to pay his debts—he is only unable to meet his engagements; nobody is angry—he is only excited; nobody is cross—he is only nervous; lastly, nobody is inebriated—the very utmost you can assert is that "he has taken his wine."

## A SCOTCHMAN'S ARGUMENTS.

KILSYTH has every reason to respect the authorities that be. The Police Commissioners are a model body. Provost White, who presided at the last meeting, proposed the execution of some drainage works. This was supported by Mr. G. Glen, while Mr. Carmichael gave warning that if a fortnight's notice were not given the supporters of the motion might have to pay the cost themselves. Mr. Glen: It won't be Mr. Carmichael's threats that would hinder me from voting for it. Mr. Carmichael: If I can't threaten you, Walter Duncan of Gateside can. He did for you on Saturday when you were speechifying at Banton. You are only standing for the Banton School Board to get your quarry stones carted on the cheap. Mr. Glen: I can pay for the carting of my stones. I am not so poor as you. Mr. Carmichael: You are that poor that you had to go to your— Mr. Glen: If words can't stop your mouth, that will surely do it. Snitting the action to the words, he struck Mr. Carmichael on the mouth and knocked him over the seat. Bailies Brown and Hamilton seized Mr. Glen, while Mr. Carmichael, getting on his legs again, asked the inspector to go for the policeman. The official told him he would be better to get the affair quashed up, but Mr. Carmichael said, "Oh, no; this is the second time he has done that, and it must be put a stop to." Mr. Carmichael then left the room, and it is understood that he has lodged a charge of assault against Mr. Glen with the police. Scotchmen are mostly of a logical turn of mind; but some of them would seem to have faith in flacciduffs as well.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

**TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC** gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/6 of chemists.



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F. J. BROWN, ALBION STREET, GAYTHORN.

APRIL 11, 1879.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

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The patented and peculiar arrangement of the "EXCELSIOR" ensures complete isolation where two or more occupy a bed, the principle of construction effectually preventing depression in the centre.

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Keep the following first-class preparations on hand, and for being the best medicines for their different purposes they can give their unqualified endorsement, knowing that in each case they will give entire satisfaction. They are kept by no other house in London, we having secured the Sole Agency. We will, therefore, on receipt of price attached, send them to any part of the world, securely packed and free from observation.

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### Ringwood's Cancer Specific.

The introduction of Ringwood's Cancer and Tumour Specific into this country, has utterly exploded the common theory that cancer is incurable. It must be pleasant for persons afflicted with that dreadful disease to know that one course of Ringwood's Cancer and Tumour Specific will cure the worst form of cancer or tumour without the necessity of any surgical operation. By its timely use many hundreds of lives have been saved. It instantly removes all pain. It is, undoubtedly, the greatest medical discovery of the 19th century. A full course, which is nearly sufficient for any case, sent securely packed and free from observation to any part of the country on receipt of 50/-

### Ayer's Optic Fluid.

Cures all Diseases of the Eye and Dimness of Vision. Gives immediate beneficial results. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

### Canton's Neuralgo-Rheumatic Elixir.

For the immediate relief and permanent cure of Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Gout. Three bottles will permanently cure the worst case. Sold in bottles at 5/- each, or 3 for 10/-

### Dent's Anti-Fat Remedy.

For the removal of corpulence. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. It will reduce a fat person from three to six pounds a week. Sold in bottles at 4/- and 7/6 each.

### Reid's Kidney Remedy.

It is not a CURE-ALL, but for diseases of the Kidneys and the Bladder it is a SPECIFIC. It is convenient to carry, pleasant to take, and does not taint the breath, and positively cures all forms of Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/6 each.

### Potter's Alkaline Resolvent.

For Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, and Accumulation of Gas on the Stomach. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

### Phosphoric Air.

A medicated vapour for the immediate relief and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, and all forms of Throat Diseases, Epilepsy, Loss of Vigour, Impotence, and all Diseases of the Lungs, Air Passages, Nerve Centres, and Brain. Do not despair, hesitate, or doubt, for it never fails, and is truly a Specific. It is a medicated vapour applied on a new and scientific principle, the use of which has saved thousands from a premature grave. To persons suffering from Lung and Nervous Diseases, it is invaluable, as it goes at once to the air passages and brain, imparting tone, vigour, brain power, and vital force to the most depressed. Being very pleasant to use, it can safely be taken by the most delicate. One Month's Treatment and Inhaler sent securely packed to any part of the country on receipt of 20/-

### Holden's Ear Drops.

A sovereign cure for Deafness and Discharges from the Ear. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/6 each.

### Henley's Headache Pills.

For immediately relieving and permanently curing all forms of Nervous and Neuralgic Headache. Sold in boxes at 2/6 and 4/- each.

### Arnold's Vitaline.

This is a beautiful nervine, possessing the power of curing nervousness. It also relieves and cures morbid sensibility of the nerves, weak nerves, nervous twitching and tremulousness. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/6 each.

### Arlington's Bloom of Violets.

For beautifying and restoring the complexion.—Ladies, do you want a pure blooming complexion?—If so, a few applications of Arlington's Bloom of Violets will gratify you to your heart's content. It removes sallowness, redness, pimples, blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It makes a lady of 35 look like 20; and so naturally and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

### Butler's Vigorine.

The Famous Hair Producer. It produces hair on the head and face in the shortest time of any preparation before the public. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

### Allen's Constipation Pills.

For the cure of Constipation and Piles. Sold in boxes at 2/6 and 4/- each.

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# BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL.

## NEW SERIES.

The New Series has been received with unanimous approval by the Press. The following are some of the notices which have been given:—

This deservedly popular magazine appears in a new guise. It has turned over a new leaf—not a better one, for that was impossible; but a larger, and altogether more imposing one. A new series has been commenced, and a new volume, and the issue has been much enlarged, to the advantage of the amused and interested reader, and, in the long run, to "Ab" himself. The first monthly part has come to hand, and its contents make up a respectable volume themselves. It will be found that the stories and sketches are of the usual high-class and racy kind, Mr. Brierley himself contributing largely to the pages. "Ab" writes, for example, "An Owd-Fashint Kesmas," "Eaur Soup Kitchen," and others, amongst which the "local farce" of "The Three Buckleys" deserves special mention. The principal hero, or what might by a stretch of—shall we say courtesy—be called the "heavy villain" of the piece, is a Saddleworth lad, who put his foot in everything. Here is a specimen of the character. When he is asked to take off his overcoat he exclaims, "I wear no topecoat; do I hecky as like! What! an owd Saddlewo'th Buckley lapt up like a dumplin? Ger eaut!" The price of the monthly part is only fivepence, and it is a marvel of cheapness, considering the quantity and quality of the contents. With this enlarged *Journal* it will become more popular and more widely circulated than ever.—*Ashton Reporter*, February 8th.

All lovers of Lancashire literature will welcome the appearance of *Ben Brierley's Monthly Journal*, the first number of which was published this month. The weekly publication has for a long time had a high reputation for articles in the vernacular, and those in the new periodical are fully up to the standard. In addition to this, there is a good collection of "magazine stories," so that the *Journal* will prove of interest to ordinary readers who do not understand or enjoy the subtleties of the Lancashire dialect. The contents of the number are very varied, so that everybody's taste will be satisfied. In addition to twenty-six lengthy stories, poems, and papers, there is a great number of interesting "scraps," the whole combining to make the *Journal* an admirable means of passing an idle hour away.—*Southport Visitor*, February 4th.

People will now have the option of buying the *Journal* weekly or in parts of four weeks, as convenience or fancy may dictate. The alteration is thus one which adds dignity to the periodical and consults the interests of purchasers. We hope it may be attended with all the results its well-wishers anticipate.—*Cheshire County News*, January 31.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* has for a long time enjoyed a high reputation, not only for its tales and sketches in the "native tongue," but for the

general merits of its literary articles and "scraps." It is now commenced in a new series, and published in monthly parts as well as weekly. The part before us is full of reading, contributed by good and racy writers, not the least of whom is the editor's friend, Mr. Ab-o'th-Yate. Mr. Ben Brierley has now issued his journal for more than ten years, and a better magazine we do not know to recommend to general readers.—*Leigh Chronicle*, February 8th.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* is a household word in Lancashire; and much as it has been popular in these districts, we opine that in its new and more attractive form it will be a greater favourite with its numerous readers. "Ab-o'th-Yate" has not yet exhausted his humour, and we anticipate now and again a pleasant and amusing effusion from his pen. Besides "Ab," there is no lack of talent on the *Journal*, and in some of its articles, stories, and sketches, it will bear comparison with metropolitan journals of far higher pretensions.—*Oldham Chronicle*, January 29th.

The first part of the new series of this work has just come to hand. The contents are really charming, and cannot fail to brighten many a gloomy face. We recommend the work to our readers, feeling sure that its new form of appearance will, in itself, be recommendable.—*Masbro' and Swinton Times*, January 31st.

The first monthly part of a new series of an old familiar journal in the "Lanky" dialect—*Ben Brierley's*—has been forwarded to us for notice. It gives a bit of everything "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is in the language best understood by the masses of our Lancashire operatives, and contains exactly the kind of wit and humour which is most relished by the people of this and other towns and villages in the county palatine.—*Darwen News*, February 1st.

This journal is widening and improving its sphere—is aiming to be entertaining not only as a Lancashire, but as a general periodical; and we wish it success. For upwards of ten years the *Journal* has been established, charming during the period many with its stories and sketches; and now the editor, aided by duly-selected literary auxiliaries, means to make it yet more widely known and agreeable. The first monthly part, which has been sent to us, contains stories and sketches of various kinds—some in the dialect of the county—poetical and comical composition, biographical, antiquarian, scientific, and anecdotal matter; here and there we have an illustration; and altogether, considering its price and provincialism, it is a very deserving production. Lancashire people in particular ought to give a hearty support to this literary enterprise.—*Preston Chronicle*, February 1st.

Anything conducive to the acceptability of this

excellent periodical will always be viewed with satisfaction. The thoroughly wholesome style of its writings, the fact that Mr. Brierley and his associates possess the secret of being thoroughly amusing, and making a bid for the most extended popularity, without descending to the arts of the "penny dreadful," renders the journal in question one which it is desirable to encourage. In its own line we do not know that *Ben Brierley's Journal* has a rival. In any other part of England it is very probably without a competitor; in Lancashire, this is true certainly. From Jan., 1879, the journal, although the weekly issues will still be continued, will take rank among the "monthlies."—*Stockport Chronicle*, Jan. 31st.

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It is with pleasure we greet the first monthly number of this journal, and we are persuaded that it will be well received by the admirers of Lancashire dialect. When we see such names as Ben Brierley, E. A. Axon, J. Barnes, and other prominent writers, who contribute largely to this periodical, we may be sure that it contains some enjoyable reading, and this issue does credit to all concerned.—*Salford Chronicle*, February 8th.

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